The Haunted Chamber.

BY "THE DUCHESS." Author of "Monica," "Mona Soully," "Phyllis," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II. Every day and all day long there is nothing but rehearsing. In every corner two or more may be seen studying together the parts they have to play. Florence Delmaine alone refuses to rehearse her part except in full company though Mr. Dynecourt has made many attempts to induce her to favor him with a private reading of those scenes in which he and she must act together. He had even appealed to Dora Talbot to help him in this matter, which she is only too willing to do, as she is secretly desirous of flinging the girl as much in his way as possible. Indeed anything that would keep Florence out of Sir Adrian's sight would be welcome to her; so that she listens kindly to Ar-thur Dynecourt when he solicits her

"She evidently shuns me," he says in an aggrieved tone to her one evening, sirking into the seat beside hers. "Except a devotion to her that is singularly sincere, I know of nothing about me that can be regarded by her as an offense. Yet it appears to me that she dislikes me."

"There I am sure you are wrong," declares the widow, tapping his arm lightly with a fan. "She is but a girl she hardly knows her own mind." "She seen 3 to know it pretty well when Adrian addresses her," he says,

with a sullen glance.
At this Mrs. Talbot can not repress a start; she grows a little pale, and then tries to hide her confusion by a smile. But the smile is forced, and Arthur Dynecourt, watching her, reads her heart as easily as if it were an open

"I don't suppose Adrian cares for her," he goes on quietly. "At least"— here he drops his eyes—" I believe, with a little judicious management, his thoughts might have been easily divert-ed into another channel."

"You think so?" asks Mrs. Talbot faintly, trifling with her fan. "I can not say I have noticed that his attentions to her have been in any way par-

"Not as yet," agrees Dynecourt, studying her attentively; "and if I might be open with you," he adds, breaking off abruptly and assuming an air of anxiety—we might perhaps mutually help each other."
"Help each other?"

"Dear Mrs. Talbot," says Dynecourt softly, "has it never occurred to you how safe a thing it would be for my cousin Sir Adrian to marry a sensible woman—a woman who understands the world and its ways—a woman young and beautiful certainly, but yet conversant with the convenances of society? Such a woman would rescue Adrian from the shoals and quicksands that surround him in the form of mercenary friends and scheming mothers. Such a woman might surely be found. Nay, I think I myself could put my hand upon her, if I dared, at this mo-

Mrs. Talbot trembles slightly, and blushes a good deal, but says nothing.
"He is my nearest of kin," goes on Dynecourt, in the same low impassive voice. "Naturally I am interested in him, and my interest on this point is surely without motive; as, were he never to marry, were he to leave no heir, were he to die some sudden death" here a remarkable change overspreads his features-"I should inherit all the land you see around you, and the title

Mrs. Talbot is still stlent. She merely bows her head in assent. Then, you see, I mean kindly to-ward him when I suggest that he should marry some one calculated to sustain his rank in the world," contin-ned Dynecourt. "As I have said be-

fore, I know one who would fill the position charmingly, if she would deign to do so. "And who?" falters Dora Talbot nerwously.

"May I say to whom I allude?" he reurmurs. "Mrs. Talbot, pardon me if I have been impertinent in thinking of

you as that woman." ittle flickering smile adorns Dora's hos for a moment, then, suddenly re-membering that smiles do not become her, she relapses into her former calm.

"You flatter me," she says sweetly.
"I never flatter," he responds, with telling emphasis. "But, I can see you are not angry, and so I am emboldened to say plainly. I would gladly see you my cousin's wife. Is the idea not altographer abhorant to you?" gether abhorrent to you?"

"It is perhaps—pardon me if I go too far—even agreeable to your"
"Mr. Dynegourt," says Mrs. Talbot, suddenly glancing at him and laying her jeweled ingers on his arm, "I will confess to you that I am tired of being alone-dependent on myself, as it were -thrown on my own judgment for the answering of every question that arises. I would gladly acknowledge a superior head. I would have some one help me now and then with a word of advice; in short, I would have a hushand. And"-here she lays her fan against her lips and giances archly at him—"I confess too that I like Sir Adrian as-well-as well as any man I

"He is a very fortunate man"-grave "Not for worlds," says Mrs. Talbot, with well-feigned alarm. "You could not even hint to him such a thing as—" She stops, confused.

"I shall hint nothing—do nothing except what you wish. Ah, Mrs. Tal bot"-with a heavy sigh-"you are su-premely happy! I envy you! With your fascinations and" — insinuatingly — "a word in season from me, I see no reason why you should not claim as your own the man whom you—well, let us say, like; while I—"

"If I can befriend you in any way," interrupts Dora quickly, "command

She is indeed quite dazzled by the picture he has painted before her eyes. Can it be-is it-possible, that Sir Adrian may some day be hers? Apart from his wealth, she regards him with very tender feelings, and of late she has been rendered at times absolutely miserable by the thought that he had fallen a victim to the charms of Flor-

Now if, by means of this man, her rival can be kept out of Adrian's way, all may yet be well, and her host may be brought to her feet before her visit

comes to an end. Of Arthur Dynecourt's infatuation for Florence she is fully aware, and is right in deeming that part of his admi-ration for the beautiful girl has grown out of his knowledge of her moneybags. Still, she argues to herself, his love is true and faithful, despite his knowledge of her dot, and he will in all propagative make her as good a nuspand as she is likely to find.

"May I command you?" asks Arthur, in his softest tones. "You know my secret, I believe. Ever since that last meeting at Brighton, when my heart overcame me and made me show my sentiments openly and in your presence, you have been aware of the hopeless passion that is consuming me. I may be mad, but I still think that, with opport inities and time, I might make myself at least tolerated by Miss Delmaine. Will you help me in this matter? Will you give me the chance of pleading my cause with her alone? -with a meaning smile-By so doing"—with a meaning smile— "you will also give my cousin the happy chance of seeing you alone." Dora only too well understood his in-

Latterly Sir Adrian and Florence have been almost inseparable.
To now meet with one whose interest t is to keep them asunder is very pleasant to her.
"I will help you," she says in a low

"Then try to induce Miss Delmaine

to give me a private rehearsal to-morrow in the north gallery," he whispers hurriedly, seeing Capt. Ringwood and Miss Villiers approaching. "Hush! Not another word? I rely upon you. Above all things, remember that what has occurred is only between you and me. It is our little riet." he says with a garage is our little plot," he says, with a cur-ious smile that somehow strikes a chill to Mrs. Talbot's heart. She is faithful to her word neverthe-

less, and late that night, when all have gone to their rooms, she puts on her dressing-gown, dismisses her maid, and crossing the corridor, taps lightly at the door of Florence's apartment.

Hearing some one cry "Come in," she opens the door, and, having fastened it

again, goes over to where Florence is sitting while her maid is brushing her ong soft hair that reaches almost to the ground as she sits. "Let me brush your hair to-night, Flo," she says gayly. "Let me be your maid for once. Remember how I used

to do it for you sometimes when we were in Switzerland last year." "Very well—you may," acquiesces Florence, laughing. "Good-night, Par-kins. Mrs. Talbot has won you your

Parkins having gladly withdrawn, Dora takes up the ivory-handled brush and gently begins to brush her cousin's

After some preliminary conversation leading up to the subject she has in hand, she says carelessly—
"By the by, Flo. you are rather ancivil to Arthur Dynecourt, don't you

think?"
"Uncivil?"
"Well—yes. That is the word for your behavior toward him, I think. Do you know, I am afraid Sir Adrian has noticed it, and aren't you afraid he will

think it rather odd of you—rude, I mean—considering he is his cousin?"
"Not a very favorite cousin. I fancy."
"For all that, people don't like seeing their relations slighted. I once knew a man who used to abuse his brother all day long, but, if any one else hap-pened to say one disparaging word of him in his presence, it put him in a pretty rage. And, after all, poor Ar-thur has done nothing to deserve actual ill-treatment at your hands." "I detest him. And, besides, it is a distinct impertinence to follow any one

lowed me. I will not submit to it calmy. It is a positive persecution. "My dear, you must not blame him if he has lest his head about you. That is rather a compliment, if anything." "I shall always resent such compli-

about from place to place as he has fol-

"de is certainly very unmanly in all other ways, and I must say devoted to you. He is handsome too, is he not; and has quite the air of one accustomed to command in society?"

"Has he paid you to sing his praises?" asks Florence, with a little laugh; but her words so nearly hit the mark that Dora blushes painfully. mean," she explains at last, in a

rather hurried way, "that I do not think it is good form to single out any one in a household where one is a guest to show him printed rudeness. You give all the others acting in this play ample opportunities of rehearsing alone with you. It has been remarked to me by two or three that you purposely alight and avoid Mr. Dynecourt."

So I do," Florence admits calmly; adding, "Your two or three have great perspicacity."

"They even hinted to me," Dora goes on deliberately. "that your dislike to

on deliberately, "that your dislike to him arose from the fact that you were piqued at his being your stage lover, instead of Sir Adrian It cost he an effort to utter these

words, but the effect produced by them is worth the effor Florence, groving deathly pale, re-leases her hair from her cousin's grasp,

and rises quickly to her feet. "I don't know whe your gossips may be," she says slowly; "but they are wrong — quite wrong—do you hear? My dislike to Mr. Dynecourt arises from very different feelings. He is dis-tasteful to me in many ways; but, as I

am undesirous that my manner should give occasion for surmises such as you have just mentioned to me, I will give him an opportunity of reciting his part to me, alone, as soon as ever he wishes."
"I think you are right, dearest," re-

sponds Mrs. Talbot sweetly. She is a little afraid of her cousin, but still maintains her position bravely. "It is always a mark of folly to defy public opinion. Do not wait for him to ask you again to go through your play with him alone, but tell him yourself to-morrow that you will meet him for that purpose in the north gallery some time during the day."

"Very well," says Florence; but her face still betrays dislike and disinclination to the course recommended. "And, Dora, I don't think I want my hair brushed any more, thanks; my head is aching so dreadfully." This is a hint that she will be glad of Mrs. Talbot's speedy departure; and, that lady taking that hint, Florence is soon left to her own thoughts.

The next morning, directly after breakfast, she finds an opportunity to tell Mr. Dynecourt that she will give him half an hour in the north gallery to try over his part with her, as she considers it will be better, and more conducive to the smoothness of the piece, to learn any little mannerism that may belong to either of them.

To this speech Dynecourt makes a suitable reply, and names a particular hour for them to meet. Miss Delmaine, having given a grave assent to this arrangement, moves away, as though glad to be rid of her companion.

A few minutes afterward Dynecourt, meeting Mrs. Talbot in the hall, gives

her an expressive glance, and tells her in a low voice that he considers himself deeply in her debt.

CHAPTER III.

"You are late," says Arthur Dynecourt in a low tone. There is no anger in it: there is indeed only a desire to show how tedious have been the mo-ments spent apart from her.

"Have you brought your book, or do you mean to go through your part without it?" Florence asks, disdaining to notice his words, or to betray interest in anything except the business that has brought them together.

"I know my part by heart," he responds, in a strange voice. "Then begin," she commands some what imperiously; the very insolence of her air only gives an additional touch to her extreme beauty and fires his

"You desire me to begin?" he asks unsteadily.
"If you wish it."
"Do you wish it?"

"I desire nothing more intensely than to get this rehearsal over," she replies

Impatiently.
"You take no pains indeed to hide your scorn of me," says Dynecourt bit-"I regret it, if I have at any time treated you with incivility," returns Florence, with averted eyes and with increasing coldness. "Yet I must always think that, for whatever has happene you have only yourself to blame.

"Is it a crime to love you?" he demands boldly. "Sir,"she exclaims indignantly, and raising her beautiful eyes to his for a moment, "I must request you will never speak to me of love. There is neither sympathy nor common friend-liness between us. You are well aware ragement between Arthur and Miss

with what sentiments I regard you." "But, why am I alone to be treated with contempt?" he asks, with sudden passion. "All other men of your acquaintance are graciously received by you, are met with smiles and kindli words. Upon me alone your eyes rest when they deign to glance in my direc-tion, with marked disfavor. All the world can see it. I am signaled out from the others as one to be slighted

and spurned."
"You forget yourself," says Florence ontemptuously. "I have met you here to-day to rehearse our parts for next Tuesday evening, not to listen to any insolent words you may wish to address to me. Let us begin"—opening her book. "If you know your part, ge en."
"I know my part only too well; it is to worship you madly, hopelessly.

very cruelty only serves to heighten my passion. Florence, hear mel" "I will not," she says, her eyes flashing. She waves him back from her as he endeavors to take her hand. "Is it not enough that I have been persecuted by your attentions-attentions most hateful to me—for the past year, but you must now obtrude them upon me here? You compel me to tell you in plain words what my manner must have shown you only too clearly—that you are distasteful to me in every way, that your very presence treubles me, that your touch is abhorrent to me!" "Ah," he says, stepping back as she hurls these words at him, and regard-ing her with a face distorted by pas-

sion, "if I were the master here, instead of the poor cousin—if I were Sir Adrian—your treatment of me would be very different!" At the mention of Sir Adrian's name the color dies out of her face and she grows deadly pale. Her lips quiver, but her eyes do not droop.

"I do not understand you," she says propelly.

proudly.

"Then you shall," responds Dynecourt. "Do you think I am blind, that I can not see how you have given your proud heart to my cousin, that he has conquered where other men have failed; that, even before he has declared any love for you, you have, in spite of your pride, given all your af-fection to him?"

"You insult me," cries Florence with quivering lips. She looks faint, and is trembling visibly. If this man has read her heart aright, may not all guests have read it too? May not even Adrian himself have discovered her secret passion, and perhaps despised her for it, as being unwomanly? "And more," goes on Dynecourt, ex-

ulting in the torture he can see he is inflicting; "though you thrust from you an honorable love for one that lives only in your imagination, I will tell you that Sir Adrian has other views, other intentions. I have reason to know that, when he marries, the name of his bride will not be Florence Delmaine." "Leave me, sir," cries Florence, rous-ing herself from her momentary weakness, and speaking with all her old fire,
"and never presume to address me
again. Go!"
She points with extended hand to the

door at the lower end of the gallery. So standing, with her eyes strangely bright, and her perfect figure drawn up to its fullist height, she looks superb in her disdainful beauty. Dynecourt, losing his self-possession

as he gazes upon her, suddenly flings himself at her feet and catches her dress in his hands to detain her. "Have pity on me," he cries implor-Have pity on me," he cries imploringly; "it is my unhappy love for you that has driven me to speak thus! Why is Adrian to have all, and I nothing? He has title, lands, position—above and beyond everything, the priceless treasure of your love, whilst I am bankrupt in all. Show me some mercy—some kindness!"

They are both so agitated that they

They are both so agitated that they fail to hear the sound of approaching footsteps. "Release me, sir," cries Florence im-

periously. "Nay; first answer me one question," entreats Dynecourt. "Do you love my cousin?"

"I care nothing for Sir Adrian!" re-plies Florence distinctly, and in a somewhat raised tone, her self-pride being touched to the quick. Two figures who have entered the gallery by the second door at the upper end of it, hearing these words uttered in an emphatic tone, start and glance

at the tableau presented to their view lower down. They hesitate, and, even as they do so, they can see Arthur Dynecourt seize Florence Delmaine's nand, and, apparently unrebuked, kiss

it passionately.
"Then I shall hope still," he says in a low but impressive voice, at which the two who have just entered turn and beat a precipitate retreat, fearing that they may be seen. One is Sir Adrian, the other Mrs. Talbot.

"Dear me," stammers Dora, in pretty confusion, "who would have thought it? I was never so amazed in my life." Sir Adrian, who has turned very pale, and is looking greatly distressed, makes no reply. He is repeating over and over again to himself the words he has just heard, as though unable and unwilling to comprehend them. "I care nothing for Sir Adrian!" They strike like a knell upon his ears—a death-knell to all his dearest hopes. And that fellow on his knees before her, kissing her hand, and telling her he will still hope! Hope for what? Alas, he tells himself, he knows only too well-her

lovel "I am so glad they have made it up,

Dora goes on, looking up sympathetically at Sir Adrian.

"Made it up? I had no idea they were more than ordinary and very new acquaintances."

"It is quite a year since we first metarthy in Switzerland" responds Dora Arthur in Switzerland," responds Dora demurely, calling Dynecourt by his Christian name, a thing she has never done before, because she knows it will give Sir Adrian the impression that

they are on very intimate terms with his cousin. "He has been our shadow ever since. I wonder you did not notice his devotion in town."

"I noticed nothing," says Sir Adrian, miserably; "or, if I did, it was only to form wrong impressions. I firmly believe, seeing Miss Delmaine and Arsthur together here, that she betrayed nothing but a rooted dislike to him." nothing but a rooted dislike to him. "They had not been good friends of late," explains Dora hastily; "that we all could see. And Florence is very peculiar, you know; she is quite the dearest girl in the world, and I adore her; but I will confess to you?—with another upward and bewitching glance from the charming blue eyes—"that she has her little tempers. Not very naughty ones you brow"—shaking her head ty ones, you know"—shaking her head archly—"but just enough to make on a bit afraid of her at times; so I never ventured to ask her why she treated

poor Arthur, who really is her slave, so "And you think now that-" Sir Adrian breaks off without finishing the

sentence. "That she has forgiven him whatever offense he committed? Yes, after what we have just seen—quite a sentimental.

little episode, was it net?—I can not help cherishing the hope that all is again right between them. It could not have been a very grave quarrel, as Arthur is incapable of a rudeness; but then degrest Florence is so capricious!

"Ill-tempered and capricious!" Car the girl he loves so ardently be guilty of these faults? It seems incredible the Sir Adrian, as he remembers her sunn onner it not her dearest friend who is speak ing of her—tender-hearted little Dor Talbot, who seems to think well of every one, and who murmurs suc pretty speeches even about Arthur who, if the truth be told, is not exactly

Delmainer ne begins, with his eyes

fixed upon the ground.

"I think nothing, you silly man," says the widow playfully, "until I am told it. But I am glad Florence is once more friendly with poor Arthur; he is positively wrapped up in her. Now, has that interesting tableau we so nearly interrupted given you a distaste for all other pictures? Shall we try the smaller gallery?"

"Just as you will." "Of course"—with a girlish laugh—"it would be impredent to venture again into the one we have just quitted. By this time, doubtless, they are quite re conciled—and—"

"Yes—yes," interrupts Sir Adrian hastily, trying in vain to blot out the picture she has raised before his eyes of Florence in her lover's arms. "What Florence in her lover's arms. have just told me has quite taken me by surprise," he goes on hervously. I should never have guessed it from Miss Delmaine's manner; it quite misled me.

"Well, between you and me." says Dora, raising herself on tiptoe, as though to whisper in his ear, and so though to whisper in his ear, and so coming very close to him, "I am afraid my dearest Florence is a little sly! Yes, really; you wouldn't think it, would you? The dear gir! has such a sweet ingenuous face—quite the loveliest face on earth, I think, though some pronounce it too cold. But she is very self-centained; and to-day, you see, she has given you an insight into this slight fault in her character." fault in her character."
"She has indeed," agrees Sir Adrian,

with a smothered groan. "Well" - triumphantly - "and yet, here we find her granting him a private audience, when she believed we were all safely out of the way; and in the north gallery too, which, as a rule, is deserted."

deserted."

"She didn't know we were thinking of driving to the hills," says Sir Adrian, making a feeble effort to find a flaw in his companion's statement.

"Oh, yes, she did!" declares the widow lightly. "I told her myself, about two hours ago, that I intended asking you to make a party to go there as you to make a party to go there, as I dote on lovely scenery; and I dare say —coquettishly — "she knew — I mean thought-you would not refuse so small

a request of mine. But for poor Lady Fitzalmont's headache we should be there now." "It is true," admits Sir Adrian, feeling that the last straw has descended.

"And now that I think of it," the widow goes on, even more vivaciously, with us must have been a feigned one.
Ah, slyboots that she is!" laughs Mrs.
Talbot merrily. "Of course, she wanted the course clear to have an explanation with Arthur. Well, after all, that was only natural. But she might have

trusted me, whom she knows to be her trusted me, whom she knows to be her true friend."

Ill-tempered—capriclous—sly! And all these faults are attributed to Florence by "her true friend!" A quotation assigned to Marechal Villars when taking leave of Louis XIV. occurs to him—"Defend me from my friends." The words return to him persistently; but then he looks down on Dora Talbot, and stares straight into her liquid blue eyes, so apparently guileless and pure, and tells himself that he wrongs her. Yes, it is a pity Florence has not put Yes, it is a pity Florence has not put greater faith in this kind little woman, a pity for all of them, as then many heart-breaks might have been prevent-

[Continued.]

A CANING AT CLAFLIN.

Tue Mulatto Chaplain Beaten by a White Professor-A Race War Theatened as Result of the Affair.

CHARLESTON, S. C., March 4.—There are symtoms of a race trouble at Claffin University, one of the largest colored universities in the South. This morning Professor W. S. DeTreville, white, administered a caning to J. N. Cardoza, the mulatto chaplain of the Co'lege. The chaplain was badly beaten, in fact was knocked senseless.

On hearing of the fight, the colored student's to the number of several hundred, gathered and proceeded to the depot with the avowed intention of lynchng DeTreville. The white people of the town of

Orangeburg also assembled and a conflict seemed inevitable. Dr. Dunton the pres dent of the college, however, heard of the affray and soon quieted matters by

sending the students back to the col-Professor DeTreville claims that Cardoza made certain remarks in a class room reflecting upon him and that this

was his reason for punishing him. Cardoza is a brother of F. L. Cardoza, who was State Treasurer under Frank Moses' administration as Governor of South Carolina, during the reconstruction period. He is a minister in the Northern M. E. Church,

Claffin College is one of the larges universities for colored students in the South. It has upwards of 800 pupils on its roll and is supported partly by the State and partly by the Agricultural Land Scrip. The trouble appears to be serious.

The Quorum Question. The programme to be pursued to test the constitutionality of the trans-action of any business by the House of Representatives without a quorum, present and voting, has been substantially agreed upon. It is proposed that Mr. John O. Pendleton, who was pseated by a vote of less than a orum, shall make a claim upon the

asury for the pay to become due him as a member of the House of Representatives from the First Congres | are divided as follows. sional District of West Verginia. Upon the disallowing of this claim by the Against, accounting officers he will proceed to bring suit in the Court of Claims, and endeavor to have the case advanced for immediate trial, and in case of an edge of the counting by adverse decision take an appeal to the ported, the convention will open with Supreme Court of the United States. where a motion will also be made to For nominations, advance the case, as one affecting great | Against, public interests. In case the hearing Uninstructed, in either the Court of Claims or the plan has been suggested. It is to have structed delegates, and the three coun-Mr. Pendleton bring a mandamus suit ties which are likely to send delegates, to compel the auditing and payment but have not yet done so .- Greenville of his salary, on the ground that he is still a member of Congress as he could not be unseated by less than a onsti tutional majority, and that the auditing and payment of his salary is a purely ministerial act.-Washington

What the Flood Accomplished.

Gazette.

CAIRO, Ills., March 6 .- The Ohio river is now over fifty miles wide at this point. It extends from the Cairo levee. which holds it backed up 45 feet above sheet of water, except for the narrow strips of rock bound earth upon which the Mobile and Ohio and Illinois Central railroads run south. A mile below here it joins the Mississippi, which in turn extends into Missouri another 50 two rivers over one hundred miles. day, aged 65.

WHAT IRELAND WANTS.

THE NATIONAL AGITATION DE-FINED BY MR. T. P. O'CONNOR.

Federation, Not Separation .- A Viceroy a Cabinet and One House of Parliament Are the Features of Ireland's Home

LONDON, Mch. 6 .- T. P. O'Connor, editor of the Star and member of Parliament, was seen by a reporter at length advocated by such malignant the office of his paper today engaged in writing leading articles and was asked this question: "What improvement or change in the internal government of Ireland, short of absolute independence, would the Irish party consider satisfactory?"

In reply Mr O'Connor said: "At the outset let me say that no member of the Irish party regards absolute separation as possible. Nor is there a single member who regardes this severance favorably, even in the theory. The finding in the report of the Parnell case that some member of the National party nad joined the Land League with a view to even ual disruption of the empire is not only false, but to all Irishmen acquainted with the actual facts of the case and the character of sthe gentlemen named, was a misapprehension so grotesque as to deprive the report of the Judge's up" petition relative to the Arkansas opinion on Irish politics of any solid

value whatever. "I am glad to see that the American press coincide with my opinion that the net result will be an immense gain to the cause of Ireland. The Judges who acquitted us, as a matt r of fact, partially condemned us by inference; in other words, their lordshlps acquitted individuals, but convicted organizations. But the acquittals will be remembered, and the convictions forgotten. How absurd it was to let three pedautic black-letter lawyers pronounce on a movement which is so vast in scope and so portentous in consequence, and which, in view of the fierce passons aroused, and the enormous interests assailed, is of a revolu-

tionary character. "Then you must remember that the three Judges were pronounced political opponents of the Irish cause. Two of them were bigoted Tories and the third a liberal Unionist. Why, sir, did not Sir Charles Russell prove in his speech yesterday in the House that the tribunal was intentionally packed by the government?

"However, the Irish party is confident of what it wants and will have it at the next general election." "But what style of government,

Parliament consisting of one chamber as follows:
only. The party of Ireland make no "For Gov common cause with any labor movement beyond a general sympathy with the poor and oppressed all over the

"We, as a party have no affiliation with socialism or any other ism. We are content to follow the course marked out for us by our fathers in the glorious though short time of Ireland's free Parliament, when loyalty to the Crown and to the country were the distinguishing characteristics of such men as Grattan, Saurin and others, who, though differing in creed from the mass of the people, yet bent their best energies to the common cause of their country, and under whose influ-ence Ireland prospered to an extent unequaled by any nation of the

world. THE COUNTY MEETINGS.

An Estimate of the Probable Vote on th

Matter of Neminations. The returns from the county mass meetings of farmers collected from the reports to the Greenville News and other newspapers give the following

results: Edgefield, Laurens and Mariboro instructed their delegates for March nominations and B. R. Tillman for

Governor. Union sends a delegation instructed to vote for March nominations. Greenville, Fairfield, Andersen, Chester, Colleton, Marien, Aiken, Lex ington and York send uninstructed delegations. The Fairfield, Chester and Aiken delegations probably contain strong majorities favoring nominations. The others are equally divided

or contain majorities opposing nominagions in March. Oconee, Abbeville, Orangeburg, Sumter, Clarendon, Barnwell and Fiorence send delegations actually er virtually instructed against nominations.

Charleston, Hampton, Richland, Kershaw, Horry, Darlington, Beau-fort and Berkeley held no meetings. Spartanburg sends contesting and opposing delegations. Lancaster, Pickens and Newberry

are to hold meetings later. Georgetown, Williamsburg and Chesterfield are not reported. The indications are that 11 of the 35 counties will be unrepresented in the March convention. The remaining 24 He did not believe there was any "slate" at all .- Greenville News.

Counting by delegates, so far as re-

its members divided thus-82 To control the convention the advo-Supreme Court of the United States oates of March nominations must capshould be very much retarded, another ture more than two-thirds of the unin-

> News. Boston Street Car Manners. The Boston Transcript relates this lit-

and gentleman enter a car at the same armed. moment, the former by the rear, the latter by the front. The gentleman hastily appropriates the only vacant seat, which happens to be next to an individual who is evidently not a total abstainer. The inebriated party, rising from his sent, offers it to the lady, re. marking at the same time: 'Madam, I ago. Foul play was suspected and low water mark, into Kentucky, till it strikes the hills there, forming one solid sheet of water, except for the narrow I shall be sober; as for that sheet of water, except for the narrow I shall be sober; as for that well near by. It had every appear man there,' pointing to the one who had just sat down, 'he is a hog today, and will be a hog tomorrow.'" This is a striking instance of in vino veritas.

-Edwin Cowles, editor and propriemiles, making the combined width of the tor of the Cleveland Leader, died TuesA CHECK TO CHANDLER.

The President Said to be Opposed to Extreme Legislation for the South.

In course of the last two or three months the President has had numer ous conversations with Senators and Representatives on the subject of Southern affairs. As intimated in his annual message, he is in favor of the passage of a supplementary Federal election law, but it is understood that he is not willing to go to the extreme demagogues as Chandler and others. Any law designed to control the manner of elections must be formed to | meet his views; otherwise he is not the man to sign it. It is not believed he will be inclined to favor any measure the effect of which would be to interfere or influence in any way the local elections in the South. Mr. Harrison is a strong partisan, but he has alwas been a strict constructionist of of the constitution, and according to the reports of those who have talked with him, he finds no warrant under existing circumstances for any at-tempted interference by Congress

with local government in

The hope and design of such men as

South.

the

enough to make federal appointees very weak from their deprivations and practically supervisors of local elections in the South. The initial step in this programme was his presenting in the Senate yesterday of a "cooked State election of 1888. There are Republicans in both houses, however, who share the opinions of the Presi dent and will not be inclined to gratify Chandler's malignity. Whatever election measure is finally passed will in all probability be confined to regulations concerning the manner of elections of members of the House of Rep resentatives. The idea of the Repub licans is that a law can be framed the result of which will give to them a sufficient number of congressional districts in the South to overbalance any thing short of an overwhelming tidal wave in favor of the Democracy in the North. The President and some other leading Republicans think the party should be satisfied with this. Such calculation is not sound because it is based upon the assumption that the entire nergo vote is to be held in perpetual slavery by the Republican party.—Baltimore Sun.

THE ALLEGED SLATE.

What is Said of it by One of the Alleged Candidates In the News and Courier of Wednesday, there appeared an article purporing to give an interview with a drum-

asked the reporter, "will satisfy the mer, who professed to have discovered resnonsible Cabinet—a National Irish | The alleged "slate," as far as it goes, is "For Governor, Benjamin R. Till-

man, of Edgefield. "For Lieutenant Governor, John W Ferguson, of Laurens. "For Secretary of State, M. L. Donaldson, of Greenville.

"For Attorney General, Y. J. Pope of Newberry. "For Adjutant General, Hugh L Farley, of Spartanburg. "For Comptroller General, E. T. Stackhouse, of Marion. Hon. M. L. Donaldson, State Senator from Greenville County, and manager of the State Alliance Exchange, is, it will be noticed, put on this alleged "slate of Captain Shell" for the office of Secretary of State. Mr. Donaldson was seen at his

office in the Cleveland block, by a re-

porter for the Daily News yesterday, and asked his opinion of the so-called glate. Mr. Donaldson expressed doubt as to whether the publication, being purely and on its face upauthoritative, should be noticed at all or not. The statements attributed to the "drummer" did not. certainly, bear any evidence of friendliness to the cause of the farmers, and there were ear marks about the article that might lead one to doubt that the

alleged "drummer" was a drummer after Speaking for himself, Mr. Donaldson said that he knew nothing whatever of the "slate" printed in the News and Courier. He was at a loss to know where the "drummer" obtained his in ormation. He was not in possession of any such information bimself, nor did he believe the information was correct. "I am not," Mr. Donaldson said, "a candidate for any position on the State ticket. My present position at the head of the ern times, nor would such a work likely State Alliance exchange I consider a highly honorable and responsible one

and my time is wholly taken by it. As to my name being on the 'slate' for any possesses a pretty young wife and sweet of great brilliancy and learning. His State office whatever, that is a mistake."

Mr. Donaldson said that he was, of course, thoroughly and heartily in sympathy with the Farmers' Movement and big was larger to the was regarded by his fellow big was giving the was regarded by his fellow. pathy with the Farmers' Movement and his usual concert several nights ago. he was glad to see it growing among the His audience was tired out. The "hap-people. At the proper time, either now py father" was trying hard to persuade or later, he was in favor of the State ticket being put in the field to represent the purposes and principles of the Farmers' Movement. Who should be on that ticket, he could not say and he certainly did not know of any ticket being "cut and dried for the March Convention."

Another Victim of a Feud. A special to the Cincinnati Enquirer from Barboursville, Ky., says: Sunday at Flat Lick, Sheriff Calloway Carnes was fatally shot by a desperado named Bill Smith, leader of the Smith faction of the Smith Slusher feud. The deputy sheriff attempted to arrest one of the Smith party. Their leader objected, and opened fire with a Winchester rifle, one ball passing through the deputy sheriff's body. Carnes a brother-in-law of the Messeres, four of the most desperate men in the mountains, who are also members of the Slusher side of the feud. They railled their forces and started in pursuit of Smith's crowd, but have not yet come in contact with each other. Should they do so, a battle will be the result. Eithtle story of street car manners: "A lady er side numbers over 35 men, well

> A Brutal Murder in Laurens. LAURENS, S. C., March 4 .- A negro

named William Rayford, living on Tom Wether's place, about six miles east of this place, disappeared several days ance of a most brutal murder. At the Coroner's inquest the wife of the dead negro testified that Bob Sheldon, colored, told her that he had killed her husband, and this with other sircumstan- Easton, Mass. ces led to the arrest of Sheldon. The widow of Olive accused refuses to talk. He is in jail. ty-seven rears of

KILLED THE WOMEN. Terrile Table of African Slaves in Time of Thirst.

A letter from Zanzibar says that over a year ago a caravan of 300 Arabs eft the East Coast to go into the interior to trade. They have now returned and one of the chiefs relates their adventures. Arriving at Kavirondo on the northeast shore of Victoria Nyanza,, the Arabs saw that the natives had a good deal of ivory and that they had no guns. They attacked the tribe, and before the shooting had gone on long the natives were

willing to do anything to make peace. After a long palaver with the chiefs the Arabs agreed to leave the country upon the payment to them of two hundred tusks of ivory and two hundred young women. The natives were glad o get rid of the enemy even on these hard conditions. As soon as they received the ivery and the women the Arabs started for the coast. They had a terrible time in the Masai country. There was a drought and they almost perished of thirst. Then provisions became scarcer and scarcer and the whole party was in danger of starva-tion. Finally the Arab chief decided that in order to save themselves and their ivory it would be necessary to Chandler is to pass a measure broad sacrifice their female slaves, who were

could march no farther. That night all of these 200 young women were shot to death, and their bodies were left in the camp for beasts of prev. The victims happily had not a moment's warning of their impending fate. Each murderer selected his victim, and the horrible crime was accomplished so speedily that few of the women made any outcry. With their forces thus summarily reduced the Arabs were able to pull through the desert region, obtaining little more food than barely enough to sustain

The chief who related these facts in Zanzibar showed no compunctions whatever for the terrible crime in which he had assisted, but he mentioned the massacre only to give an idea of the great loss they had sustained by the necessary sacrifice of their 200 slaves. It is a curious fact that some of the murderers were troubled in mind because their necessities had compelled them to est rats and other unclean food, which is prohibited to Mohammedans on the march.

Does Farming Pay? This question is constantly asked and always provokes discussion. Whether farming pays, says the Columbus En-quirer Sun, depends more on the farmer than anything else. Among the many farmers in the State who can answer the query affirmatively is Hon. James M. Smith of Oglethrope county. He is now without doubt the largest and wealthiest planter in the State, a plain, practiyear's operations ranged somewhere be- A. Lancaster, John Carver and R. M. tween \$150,000 and \$200,000. One big Smith. item was his crop of 1800 bales of cotton. Besides there were thousands of bushels of corn. wheat, oats, etc. Col. Smith also runs profitably an oil mill and fertilizer factory, to say nothing of a short line railroad, of which he is president and general manager. All this immense business was built up by a

farmer on his farm .- Augusta Chroni

A Human Hand Petrifled. Mr. W. H. Jones, of Atlanta, made a remarkable find in Florida a few days ago. This is no more nor less than a petrified human hand. It was found imbedded in the sand, only a few feet from the surface, between Cockledge

and Cocoa, on the Indian river. "The hand," says the Times-Union, 'must have been severed many years ago perhaps by the Indians. The fingers are partially, closed, the thumb resting lightly against the fore and middle fingers, and it was a young woman's hand -one of the most shapely, refined and delicate that could be imagined. The tapering fingers, nail and dainty wrist belonged, one must imagine, to a lady of great beauty. Near the wrist joint is the clearly-defined mark of a bracelet. Tracings of the veins, muscles and natural human hand, petrified. The creases in the palm are perfect. No stone or marble of which we have any knowledge, at present, could present such features, and if it was the work of an artist his name would rank with that of the finest sculptors of ancient or mod-

have been thrown away or lost," Should Keep Her Half Still. A loving young husband of Cincinnati in the daytime, but who has a penchant the soul were famous amond the little baby who is as good as he can be His audience was tired out. The "happy father" was trying hard to persuade
the old sand man to fill his eyes and
trengency him to the line in the departs
man of considerable prominen transport him to the land of nod. Still

the baby yelled. "Dearest," growled this loving young husband, "hadn't you better get up and walk around the room and get your baby

quiet?" "My baby," responded "Dearest, well. I think about one-half of it is vours!" "Oh, I don't care how much noise my

half makes," answered the villian. "You just keep your half still."-Times. Regulating Hours of Labor. RICHMOND, Va., March 6. - The bill to regulate the hours of labor in factories where females and children under fourteen years of age are employed, passed both Houses and went to the Governor a few days ago. The bill provides that no child under the above age shall work in any factory more than ten hours a day. Since its passage, the Govern has received numerous protests against it from Lynchburg, Danville and other prominent tobacco manufacturing points of the State, with urgent requests to withhold his signature, unless ne wished to see the factories ruined. Notwithstanding these applications and protests, the Governor to-day signed the bill, and

-A suit las been brought for \$100 by Charles: Le Baw, a detective, against Mr. Charles A. Stevenson, the actor, as solace for certain injuries which, he says, were caused by Stevenson's asts and boots being infor med of he

-The cleath

it is now a law.

READS LIKE REED,

The Farmers Spliten March Neminations. Pursuant to the call of Capt. J. W. Stribling, County Chairman of the Farmers' Association, about 150 farmers met in the Court House on Monday at 12 o'cleck to elect delegates to the convention to be held this month in Columbia for nominating a State ticket, Capt. Geo B. Dean was elected Chairman, and R. A. Lancaster Secretary. Dr. R. M. Smith moved to appoint a committee to nominate delegates. Mr. Eber Smith wanted the

on the table. He was seconded by Stribling. "Your motion is out of order" declared the chairman.

delegates elected by the convention and moved to lay Dr. Smith's motion

"Why?" came in amazement from Mr. Eber Smith. "You are hostile to the objects of

the meeting and have no right to It fell like a bomb shell, and pandemonium broke loose. Good farmers wanted to know why Capt. Dean had the right to judge their metives and to decree that they mere not entitled to speak in a farmers' meeting, to rule that the chairman of the tarmers as sociation of the County had no right to come into its conventions or to participate in its proceedings; an appeal was taken from the chairman's rulings

and he ruled that he would entertain no appeal. Things got warm. Mr. T. E. Moore was pouring hot shot into the chair, and a dozen other men trying to get the floor. Capt. Dean threw up the sponge and asked Dr. Smith to take the chair. This did not improve matters. Mr. Moore renewed the motion to table. Dr. Smith ruled it out of order "because he was hostile to the ourpose of the meeting and had no right to vote. "An appeal was staken. He refused to entertain it.

Rebellion was rampant but power-"All in favor of appointing a committee of nine to nominate delegates to Columbia say aye," said the Chair-

A score of voices cried "aye" "It is carried," said Dr. Smith. "Arnt you going to put the other side?" exclaimed Mr. Moore. "No" said Dr. Smith, "all who would vote against the motion are hestile to the objects of the meeting and are not en-

titled to vote." "Well, I'll be durned," said somebody in the crewd. Dr. Smith appointed the committee to select delegates. On this committee he appointed Maj. Claude C. Turner, one of the most rampant Republicans in the State, so conspicuous in the late

election trials. The committee retired and brought in the following delegation: Geo. B. party of Mr. O'Connor?"

With a superb gesture, Mr. O'Connor aided by a responsible Cabinet—a National Irish

mer, who professed to have discovered iest planter in the State, a plain, practical, common sense man who began life after the war a poor boy without a dollar's capital. We get it from a gentle
The client of the March convention in Columbia.

The client of the March convention in Columbia. man who recently visited Oglethrope county that Col. Smith's receipts from last nates.—A. H. Dean, H. L. Farley, R.

> "All in favor of ratifying the nomination say 'aye," said Dr. Smith.
> "Stop," said Tom Moore, "are you going to put the negative." "No," said Dr. Smith. "All who vote against the ratification of the ticket are hostile to the purpose of the

meeting and have no right to vete." The vote in the affirmative was pretty loud, and the Chairman ventured to put the negative, but the vote against ratification was so strong that when a division was called for he re-

fused it, and declared the delegation all elected. A SECOND MEETING. Capt. J. W. Stribling, the County Chairman of the Farmers' Association, deciding that this was not a meeting of the Farmers' Association, called another meeting. This meeting was composed entirely of farmers. Capt.

G. W. Turner secretary. They went into an election of delegates, which resulted as follows: T. E. Moore, S. E. Mason, J. W. Wofford, Jas. H. Anderson, J. B. O. Landrum, Moses Foster, J. M. Lan-ham, J. J. Vernon, N. F. Walker, J. W. Stribling. Alternates—C. Eber Smith, W. J. Smith, A. P. Lancaster.

Stribling was elected Chairman, and

They will contest for seats in the convention.-Spartanburg Herald.

F. L. Anderson.

AN INFIDEL'S PHILOSOPHY. The Extraordizary Last Moments of Vienna University Professor. A most remarkable deathbed scene took place in Vienna three weeks ago. The hero of it was a young professor at the university there. He was a man lectures concerning the inner was married into a wealthy and took every opportunity t his wife and three children pleasure which the gay

capital affords. At the theaf

promenade, and at the gr balls he was one of the mos figures. Four years ago he fell ill curable disease, and his phy-warned him that only a radical ch from his gay made of life could him for a short time the progress of the malady. The young professor and swered quietly that he would die as a philosopher should die, without an effort to defer his last day. He ate. drank, studied, lectured, and danced exactly as he did befere the doctor warned him. A few weeks ago he lay down on his death bed. He read the same books and talked of the same frivolous amusements as usual up to one evening about three weeks ago. At 8 o'clock the doctor then told him that he would die within a few hours. The young professor discussed many topics entirely foreign to the subject of his fast-approaching death with his

wife till midnight.

"I feel well, very well," he said to her finally. "se well that I would like to drink a bottle of champagne with you before I go. Kiss me-for I man go while you are away—and the wine put on ice." H A few minutes lt